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that place. So it was with these men. They made plans for the chase, which were as follows: The leader says to his friend, 'Pat, youse get down yonder and sit by the road in some bushes. Don't holler, but keep right quiet and aisy, and when the deer comes you shoot him in the shoulder, and, faith and be Jasus, we'll have him!' The leader went another way to hark the dogs on. By and by the dogs began. 'Ough! ough!' Pat cries very softly, 'faith and be Jasus, he's comin'!' He looks very hard to see the deer, and soon it comes breaking through the woods into sight. Pat jumps up to shoot, but in a second he stops to talk again. 'Oh,' he says, 'that's a man? Say, mister, where are you going?' The deer says nothing, but keeps on running. 'Why, you seem to be in a hurry!' No reply. 'Are you running from the dogs?' No reply. 'Well, if you have not time to talk, you had better hurry on; the dogs are crowding you.' After the dogs had passed, the leader came up and said, 'What is the matter with you, Pat? Why did n't you shoot the deer?' 'I've not seen the deer,' says Pat; 'I saw a man go along here with a chair on his head, seeming to be afraid of the dogs.' 'What did you say, Pat?' says the leader. 'I said, go on, old man, for the dogs are close behind.' 'What a fool you are,' says the leader; 'you shall never hunt with us again.'

"TWO IRISHMEN AT SEA.—Two Irishmen were once at sea in a small boat, and they decided to get off at the first island that they reached. They finally came to a patch of seaweed, which they thought to be land. One of them instantly leaped from the boat to the seaweed and sank beneath the waves. The Irishman who was left in the boat thought that his friend was hiding from him and said, 'Faith in me Jasus! 'tis no use to hide, for I'm coming too.' He then leaped from the boat to the seaweed and sank as his companion had done. Thus perished both these Irishmen among the seaweeds."

The same journal for March, 1899, contains a number of items relating to "Folk-lore and Ethnology."

"THE TRICK BONE OF A BLACK CAT.—Put ashes and water into a pot, set it over a fire and let it come to a boil. Have ready a black cat (not a strand of white hair on him), cut his head off, put him in the lye, and let boil until all the flesh has left the bones. Take out every bone. Wash them. Now for finding the luck bone; take up one bone, place it in your mouth, and ask your partner, 'Do you see me?' If he says yes, you will have to try another, asking the same question every time. When you put the witchy bone in your mouth he will say, 'I don't see you.' Then take that bone, put it in your pocket and keep it there, and you can steal anything you want and no one will see. In fact, you can do any kind of trick you want, and no one will know it.

"Another informant tells us that the lucky bone will rise to the top when the flesh has all boiled off from the bones." *Note.*—It is sufficiently remarkable, and full of instruction in regard to the origins of American negro folk-lore, that this superstition also belongs to Germans in Canada, and is plainly of European descent. See *Journal of American Folk-Lore*,